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NO. 1.

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LOUDON:

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1852.

The rapid growth of our new and flourishing town of Loudon was the subject of general remark by gentlemen of other localities, who attended the large and enthusiastic Whig meeting held here on the 14th. The splendid Brick Ware and Store Houses already erected and in course of erection—the splendid first class Hotel and other public houses of respectable merit—and the large number of private dwellings that have sprung up as if by magic in the last six or eight months, was beyond general expectation. They saw completed to this point, one of the best Railroads in the world, connecting with the Southern coast. They saw the "Iron Horse" in its pride and strength. They saw the noble Tennessee discharging a volume of water larger than the Ohio which built up Cincinnati and a half dozen other cities of commanding importance. They saw Steamers coming in to our wharf. They saw a hardy, enterprising class of citizens. They saw the commencement of Manufactures in the new Steam Saw Mill of Messrs. Harvey & King, which has just commenced operations. All concentrating here within a few months. No wonder at their astonishment. But hundreds of hammers and plains and trowels and other implements of industry were laying still—for our patriotic citizens had determined to devote a day to the Nation's welfare. Had all these been going ahead as usual and mingling in delightful chorus, and had our workmen been blowing rock in the various wells and quarries as usual, making the surrounding forest reverberate almost equal to the thunder of a bombardment—all would have thought of a truth that the hardy spirit of industry and enterprise was here, and those who correctly weigh cause and effect, would have gone home convinced with us that this is destined to be in a very short time, a large town, if not a city of much commercial and manufacturing importance.

Scott in East Tennessee.—Having recently visited the region, and made inquiries in nearly every neighborhood through which we passed, we feel able in all candor to say that Gen. Scott will receive a larger majority than it is usual for the Whig party to get. Our visit was about the time of the meeting of the Philadelphia Webster convention, and we found a few good Whigs who stood off thinking that Mr. Webster would become the popular candidate. We however believed at that time that Scott's majority would be as large as the Whigs received at the last election—for there were many Democrats in every county who were for the gallant old hero. Now, that there is no earthly chance for Webster, there is no choice left but Scott and Pierce, and we honestly believe that there will not be upon the day of election, more than a half dozen Whigs in East Tennessee who will refuse to vote for Gen. Scott!

Come friends, let us go into his support with a hearty good will. They may say that he has not equal claims with Fillmore and Webster to the Presidency—but no one less stupid than an Ass would pretend to compare Pierce's claims with those of Gen. Scott, who is undeniably the greatest military chieftain in the world, and can gain more victories with less loss of men and property than any other man.

Some of the Democrats complain that when Gen. Harrison was the Whig candidate no honor was paid to Chippewa and Lundy's Lane; and that when Gen. Taylor was not nothing was heard of Chancellorsville or Chancellorsville; and now that Gen. Scott is the candidate, Buena Vista and the Thames and Monterey and Tippecanoe and all those old battles are forgotten. Not at all! But it is never too late to do good, so that if we have paid no honor to the long series of brilliant victories of which Gen. Scott was the gallant hero, filling up the history of an half dozen wars, it is time we should do so. Will our Democratic friends, after having wept over their neglect so long, now refuse to honor them and the gallant old Hero whose valor won them. Let us give each his portion in due season!

As mean a thing as we have known the Democrats to be guilty of during this canvass, is to transform themselves into Anti-Scott Whigs and write letters to newspapers stating that they cannot support Gen. Scott. It is an easy thing for reckless partisans to manufacture letters of this kind and publish them as from Anti-Scott Whigs, but it will be hard to get Whigs who will father them. If a Whig writes it generally known that he cannot support Scott, he will come out like a man with his real name—a Locofoco, wishing to make a false impression, will write himself down an Anti-Scott Whig.

Another National Convention.—Mr. Webster's Boston friends, not satisfied with his nomination at Philadelphia, and in Georgia, want another great Convention to be held at a time and place hereafter to be designated, to nominate him and somebody else, for President and Vice President. It is too late.

Gen. Armstrong, editor of the Union, was elected Public Printer just before the adjournment of Congress. His party could not have selected a more perfect gentleman on whom to bestow their patronage.

Mr. Stanley, of North Carolina, made a speech in New York on the 3d instant, which elicited great applause. In denying the charge that Mr. Clay was opposed to the nomination of Gen. Scott, he remarked—"Mr. Clay had a great love for Mr. Fillmore, but when Mr. Clay heard the guns booming from the square in Washington for the nomination of Gen. Scott, some persons in attendance upon the dying statesman proposed to go out and stop the firing. 'No,' said Mr. Clay, 'No, let them fire on; the sound of those guns bring nothing but joy to my heart.'"

Hon. Thos. F. Marshall has been appointed as the Whig candidate for Elector in the Lexington district in the place of Garrett Davis, resigned. Mr. M. enters upon the duties of the canvass with much zeal, which together with his transcendent ability, will tell a tale in November that the Democracy will not wish to hear from old Kentucky.

We are pleased that Mr. MARLING, editor of the Nashville Union, who was shot in a recent difficulty with Gen. Zollcoffer, is recovering and will be able to resume his editorial duties in a short time. The ball, which has been extracted, entered Mr. Marling's face a little to the right of his nose, passed immediately above the throat and was found lodged in the back part of the neck, about two inches behind the ear—having penetrated some six or eight inches.

Daniel Webster approved of the Hartford Convention, and of the conduct of the burners of blue-flags, by acting with them. And so he is a blue-light, Hartford Convention federalist, spite of the Banner's contradiction.—Nashville American.

We were astonished to see the above in the American just at this time, when it is almost treason in the estimation of Democrats for the Whigs to vote for a gallant old soldier who has been fighting the battles of his country for forty years, instead of for Mr. Webster. We can only account for it upon the supposition that it was written before Scott's nomination, under the impression that either Webster or Fillmore would be the nominee, and that it got into the paper by accident. We do not know how it is elsewhere, but here in East Tennessee, the Democracy have taken a great liking to Mr. Webster, and the corporal's guard of Whigs who have declared for him. But this is a new-born love to say the least of it, and in order to test it, we propose that both Whigs and Democrats all unite on Mr. Webster and elect him. If they back, we want to hear no more of their anxiety for Mr. Webster. We shall think that they desired him to run in order to heap abuse upon him, which they have always done with malignant and factious greed, from which, even his present position as a powerful auxiliary to Gen. Pierce cannot shield him. With what virulence would he have been assailed had he been the nominee! The blackest devil in hell would have been a shining saint by his side.

The passengers of the Steamer Independence on her late trip from San Juan to San Francisco, fitted up an effigy of the owner with the inscription "Vanderbilt's Death Line," and marched with it through San Francisco. Served him right, and just as the owners of all the other Steamers running to California should be served.

Hon. Wm. Dren, American Consul in Valparaiso, Chili, was lately robbed of \$500 by some person who broke into his office while he was at dinner. Mr. Dren was the only gentleman Consul we met with during our late trip to South America, and we hope he has recovered his money.

James E. Byers, Esq., jun. Editor of the Maysville (Ky.) Eagle, was killed on the 23d in an affray with James B. Casey, of Covington, one of the steamers running between Cincinnati and Maysville. Casey was discharged on the plea that he acted in self-defense.

In his (Pierce's) remarks, he distinctly avowed that he was as much opposed to the institution of slavery as any man in New Hampshire, and made use of language very much like, if not almost the same as, that I have seen imputed to him in the New Boston speech by the Independent and Mauther Democrat.—Maysville Letter to the Richmond Enquirer.

The Japan Expedition.—The N. York Times says that it is rumored that the proposed expedition to Japan, under Commodore Perry, will be abandoned, at least for the present—the Government not being able to spare a sufficient number of vessels to justify the undertaking.

A Magnetic Telegraph is being constructed, and will be completed in a short time, from New York city to Sandy Hook, a distance of 20 miles down the Bay, and just at the point where outward bound vessels emerge fairly into the great Atlantic.

Mr. Kennedy, who was nominated by the Philadelphia Convention for the Vice Presidency on the ticket with Mr. Webster, has declined serving in that capacity.

The proprietors of the New York Times pay an annual rent of five thousand five hundred dollars for the building they occupy as a Printing office.

The State Treasurer of Iowa has given public notice that there are funds in the Treasury sufficient to redeem all the outstanding State Warrants of any date or denomination.

The population of Chicago in June last, was 38,733—making an increase in the last two years of 10,113.

Mr. Townsend, the famous sassafras man comes out in favor of Gen. Scott.

The Yorkville (S. C.) Miscellany has taken down the name of Pierce and King—began in good time.

REMINISCENCES OF HENRY CLAY.

BY THOMAS RITCHIE.

From a long letter, published in the Richmond Enquirer of Friday last, written by Thomas Ritchie, Esq., formerly editor of that paper, and lately of the Washington Union, containing reminiscences of Mr. Clay, we extract the following:

Now, mark my relations to Mr. Clay—and mark too the course which he pursued at this fearful crisis. Remember, that I had opposed for so many years his earnest aspirations. Remember, that no press in this country had so persistently thwarted his election to the Presidency as the Richmond Enquirer. Mark, that our intercourse had been suspended for years, and that he must have come to Washington, with unkind and even embittered feelings towards me. More than eight weeks had passed, at Washington; and I had not said a syllable to propitiate the popular and highly distinguished man. On the contrary, when he came for me to present his resolutions for compromise, I had as they were by one of his memorable speeches, the "Union" criticised them freely—and placed him in the ungracious position, that he had brought forward a scheme which was no available compromise—an olive branch, which did not deserve the name—and putting him aside, that "we must now look to clearer, and more generous, and more intrepid spirits to save the Union from the horrors which he so eloquently predicted." Now, mark the beauty of his conduct. See what magnanimity he could exhibit—and how completely his love of country could override his private griefs and his party feelings. The very morning after the preceding article appeared in the "Union," Mr. Clay transmitted the message which is related in the following narrative:

NEW-YORK, July 10, 1852.
Thomas Ritchie, Esq.—Dear Sir: By some accident your esteemed favor of the 30th ult., did not reach me until to-day.

In cheerful compliance with your request, I proceed to give a brief statement of circumstances within my knowledge, previous and relating to the interview with the lamented Henry Clay, to which you refer.

You will remember that during the eventful congressional session of 1849-50—in which the compromise measures were passed—I was connected with the official corps of reporters for the U. S. Senate. In fulfilling my professional duties it was my privilege to spend many hours in the rooms of the distinguished statesman whose loss the nation has been so recently called to mourn.

Early in the month of February, 1850, Mr. Clay expressed his profound regret that he misunderstood his position on the agitating question then under discussion, and had deemed it his duty to assail what you understood to be his views in the columns of the Union. Satisfied that a free conference with you would create a better understanding and secure your aid and co-operation in the ratification by Congress of his series of resolutions on the subject of agitation, he intimated the wish that I should bring about a confidential interview with you.

I should regret Mr. Clay's look and manner when the probability suggested itself to his mind that his motives for seeking an interview which he had been so long and decidedly opposed, might be misapprehended. His proud spirit shrank from the suspicion that he sought indemnity against assault upon his own acts or fame, on his own behalf.

But, he said, the words in which he was engaged were far above and beyond all personal or party considerations, and he could not hesitate. He remarked: "Mr. Ritchie has abused me in his paper, which he had the right to do. He may abuse me again; which he has the right to do. But the country is in danger; the Union is threatened. I wish to see Mr. Ritchie, that we may confer together on the best means of saving this country. For myself, I care nothing. So far as Mr. Ritchie doubts my motives and condemns acts springing from a source he mistrusts, I have nothing to say. But, for the sake of our common country, I would convince him of the necessity for some decided, thorough, united action, to save the country, and agree with him upon the means best calculated to secure that result. I think I can show him the plan I propose is worthy of his support, and that I would have him aid me instead of contracting my aims. When these threatening difficulties are disposed of, let Mr. Ritchie judge and speak freely, as he thinks appropriate, of my poor self. I shall not complain. Now, however, I would have a brief talk in the storm, that our bark may be steered for the safe harbor. That accomplished, I care nothing for what follows." The date of this communication will show, if I mistake not, that the plan of several distinct, yet united measures, as a "Compromise," had not at that time been promulgated or formed.

I called upon you and stated Mr. Clay's wishes, repeating as literally as I could his most important words, such as struck my memory. I did not say that you met his proposition with frankness and cordiality. You said Mr. Clay had acted as became him, and that you would yourself have done the same thing by him if you had supposed the country had approached so very near to the abyss as he apprehended; that you were indeed awfully impressed with the crisis which was at hand; that every conservative man must admit that the Union was in danger; and unless some measures were adopted to save it, in imminent danger—and that you would most cheerfully meet Mr. Clay at any time and place he would appoint—most respectfully appreciating the patriotic motives by which he was actuated. Nor do I forget that this decision was not made without a due sense of Mr. Clay's colloquial powers. You freely admitted his great tact in discussion; and said at the same time, with a smile, that you had your own opinions on the subject, and had freely expressed them; but whatever might be Mr. Clay's powers, he would not expect you to yield them until your judgment was convinced by the man whom he named; that every conservative man must admit that the Union was in danger; and unless some measures were adopted to save it, in imminent danger—and that you would most cheerfully meet Mr. Clay at any time and place he would appoint—most respectfully appreciating the patriotic motives by which he was actuated. Nor do I forget that this decision was not made without a due sense of Mr. Clay's colloquial powers. You freely admitted his great tact in discussion; and said at the same time, with a smile, that you had your own opinions on the subject, and had freely expressed them; but whatever might be Mr. Clay's powers, he would not expect you to yield them until your judgment was convinced by the man whom he named; that every conservative man must admit that the Union was in danger; and unless some measures were adopted to save it, in imminent danger—and that you would most cheerfully meet Mr. Clay at any time and place he would appoint—most respectfully appreciating the patriotic motives by which he was actuated.

I addressed Mr. Clay in writing, informing him of the result of my mission. The following is a copy of the reply, the original of which is still in my possession.

Dear Sir:—I thank you for your prompt execution of the commission which I confided to you. I will see Mr. R. with great pleasure at my lodgings on Sunday next, between the hours of 1 and 3, as suggested. Or, if on further reflection, he should prefer it, I will attend Mr. R.'s Church on Sunday next, and immediately after the conclusion of Divine service, I will go to Mr. R.'s private residence.

With great regard, H. CLAY.

"Mr. J. W. Simonton.

"S. Chamber, 8th February, 1850."

I called upon you the same evening, and showed you the foregoing note. You stated at once that you would never do for Mr. Clay to pass from Dr. Pyle's church to your own house; that

wherever he went, he was the "observed of all observers;" that such a visit would give rise to a great deal of idle curiosity and speculation; and that it was far better for you to visit him at his own public Hotel. If he had no objection, then, you proposed to call upon him at the National Hotel at 4 o'clock in the evening of Sunday next. (Our conversation, I think, being on Friday.) You also asked of Mr. C., the favor of bringing a friend with you, not for the purpose of having a witness of the interview, nor a recorder of the transaction; but because that friend [I understood perfectly well at the time, and so told Mr. Clay, that you referred to the Hon. Thomas H. Bayly, of Virginia,] was also Mr. Clay's personal friend; because he was better acquainted than yourself with the whole question and with the sentiment of the South; and because, if you could agree upon anything, the gentleman was in so conspicuous a position in the House of Representatives, that he could give the most effective assistance to any measure which he might approve.

Mr. Clay agreed to the time and place thus designated, and sent word to you, through myself, that you might bring as many friends with you as you wished. The interview, thus arranged, was held at the time and place appointed. Of its events and results you can speak most fittingly.

Trusting that the foregoing statement fulfills the conditions of the request by which you have honored me,

I remain yours, with sincere respect.

JAS. W. SIMONTON.

Our fellow citizens of the North will see, from this whole narrative, the awful presentiments which Mr. Clay had formed, of the dangers threatening the stability of the Union from the existing crisis.

On the evening of the 10th of February, Gen. Bayly and myself waited on Mr. Clay at his room, in the National Hotel. It was one of the most remarkable interviews which ever took place in the city. He received us with the most winning courtesy and kindness. He treated us as if no unpleasant relations had ever existed between us. I shall not detail all the particulars of our conversation. We began by going back to our early acquaintance, the friends we had known, and even the follies which had amused us in Richmond. We passed on to some subsequent events in our lives, and he assured me that though we had been parted for years, he had never lost sight of me—that he had constantly read my paper, and that when the mail arrived at Ashland, Mrs. Clay was in the habit of selecting it first from the budget before her. He expressed the profound interest which he took in the leading questions of the day, and the anxieties he felt about the Union itself. He regretted that I had formed so unfavorable an opinion about his resolutions, and said that he had been "hurried into their presentation by the strong appeals I had addressed to Congress." (See the preceding narrative.)

We then proceeded to a critical analysis of his resolutions of Compromise. We commenced upon the policy which it was proper to pursue in relation to California. We devoted some time to the recognition which he had given, in his resolutions and speech, of the Mexican Law, in respect to slavery in New Mexico; and in this feature, because the recognition of the validity of the Mexican Law, by an act of Congress, was equivalent to the Wilnot Provision. Upon this point there was a great deal of discussion, and learning exhibited on the part of Gen. Bayly, as well as Mr. Clay, in which Gen. B. sustained our view. So frank was our conference, and with such courtesy did he demean himself, that Mr. Clay even received, with the utmost patience, the observation I threw out, that as it was necessary to strike the Mexican Law from his resolutions, I had been thinking how to do so, and so dreadfully a termination as this. Those who were so fortunate as to have means, did what they could for their destitute fellow passengers; but the number of the latter was so numerous, that the amount of assistance which could be rendered to each was of necessity very small. The ladies, we are informed, were especially active in relieving the sick and needy; one, in particular, whose name we could give if we were not fearful that the publication of it might somewhat shock her womanly delicacy, was during the whole time of her detention at San Juan, a very sister of charity to the destitute sick. She went among them like an angel of mercy, administering to their necessities, speaking words of hope and comfort, and alleviating their sufferings by those little attentions which only a woman knows how to bestow. Many a rough adventurer called down blessings upon her; many a countenance over which death was already stealing, lightened up with a grateful smile as she bent over it. She was entirely fearless on her own account; she forgot herself in her solicitude for others. We rejoice that she has escaped an attack of disease—that she has arrived in this city in good health.

A few days before the arrival of the S. S. Lewis at San Juan, a portion of those waiting for—about 120 in number—took passage in the Italian brig Rostrian. Most of them were entirely destitute; those having S. S. Lewis through tickets, were taken for those tickets and \$45 in addition. What use the parties purchased them to intend to make of the tickets thus obtained, is somewhat difficult to conjecture. Many of those who took passage in the Rostrian were so sick that they had to be carried down to the vessel on cots, or in the arms of their fellow passengers; one person died while they were putting him on board. It is fearful to think of the tale of suffering and death on that brig, which those who may survive the voyage will have to relate on their arrival here.

When the S. S. Lewis left San Juan, one hundred of her passengers were sick; and when she entered the harbor she had fifty sick on board—many of them very sick—with Isthmus fever or dysentery. One man was dying when the vessel came into port.

Of the passengers who left New York for California, on the 5th of May, in the Northern Light, 34 are known to have died on the way, 20 at San Juan del Sur, and 14 on the passage from that place to San Francisco.

How many of those who have arrived here alive have landed only to die; who will be on the list of the mortality on board the Rostrian and other sailing vessels on the way from San Juan with portions of the Northern Light's passengers, or how many of those who may survive all the dangers, and privations of the fearful voyage, will carry with them through life the effects of it, in the shape of enfeebled or broken constitutions, it is useless even to conjecture. What we know is sad enough, without drawing on the unknown for more.

High Rents.—We are informed that \$21,000 per year has been offered for the store now about to be erected at the corner of Liberty street and Broadway, thirty feet front and one hundred feet deep, and refused; the price asked is twenty-five thousand dollars. The basement and sub-cellar of the store now building at the corner of Broadway and Thames street has been let by Messrs. Bulkeley and Cladfin for 7,000 per annum; and the rent of the store at the corner of Nassau and Liberty street is \$12,000.—N. Y. Express.

ANGEL WHISPERS.

BY W. C. LODGE.

Angel whispers! will they never
Cease to tell of golden realms;
Isles of beauty, smiling ever
In the mystic sea of dream?
Lands of flowers and gems and spices,
And an atmosphere of love,
Where the dark-eyed girls entice us
In the fairy fields to rove.

Angel whispers, softly bringing
From beyond the starlit skies,
Echoes of the sweet songs ringing
Through the vales of paradise:
Visions of bright fountains gushing,
Nectar, washing golden sands,
And the red wine rivers rushing
By the pearl and amber strands.

Loving spirits sent unto us,
Clothed in sinless robes of light,
And with seraph tones to woo us
To the regions of delight:
Voices of exquisite sweetness,
I would chase your visions forth;
By your wings of airy fleetness
Still elude my outstretched arms.

Angel whispers gently stealing
Where the hush of death surrounds,
With their holy balm of healing
For the bruised spirit's wounds;
Breathing a delightful story
Of bright immortality,
And a land of love and glory,
Far beyond life's troubled sea.

A FEARFUL NARRATIVE OF DEATH AND DIS-

RASE.—The San Francisco Journal contains the following narrative of the suffering encountered by the passengers on board the S. S. Lewis, and others who left New York in the steamer Northern Light, with through tickets for the same vessel.

The steamer S. S. Lewis, of Vanderbilt's line, arrived this morning, twenty days from Juan del Sur, with a portion, of the passengers who left New York on the 5th of May in the Northern Light. They have been sixty-three days in making the trip from New York, and a hard time indeed have they had of it. The passage across the Isthmus occupied seven days, the water in the river being very low. In some instances the boats had literally to be dragged by the passengers over obstructions to navigation. At San Juan del Sur they were compelled to wait about three weeks for the S. S. Lewis; and here there was an amount of suffering, sickness and death among them absolutely fearful to contemplate.

The rainy season had just set in; the whole earth was a mass of mud; multitudes of passengers, having spent their money all in New York for through tickets to California, were entirely destitute of means; and the agents of the line at San Juan, although knowing as they must have done, that those men were at hand, and that there was no boat to take them on their way, had done nothing to ensure their comfort—had not even provided a roof to shelter them from the rain. The consequence, as might have been foreseen, was an amount of sickness and death so fearful that the bare statement of it is enough to make even the most thoughtful shudder.

Almost immediately on the arrival of the passengers by the Northern Light at San Juan, and before a day had passed, the sick, the dying, and the dead were seen at any time lying around on the beach. We have been told of one poor fellow, who, having a couple of blankets, made of them, with assistance of two sticks, a sort of rude tent, under which he crawled for shelter from the rain, lay down on the wet ground, and died. Poor wretch! He doubtless left his home in the East with hopes and sanguine expectations, that his career was to be a happy one, and that he would be able to support a family; and so dreadfully a termination as this. Those who were so fortunate as to have means, did what they could for their destitute fellow passengers; but the number of the latter was so numerous, that the amount of assistance which could be rendered to each was of necessity very small. The ladies, we are informed, were especially active in relieving the sick and needy; one, in particular, whose name we could give if we were not fearful that the publication of it might somewhat shock her womanly delicacy, was during the whole time of her detention at San Juan, a very sister of charity to the destitute sick. She went among them like an angel of mercy, administering to their necessities, speaking words of hope and comfort, and alleviating their sufferings by those little attentions which only a woman knows how to bestow. Many a rough adventurer called down blessings upon her; many a countenance over which death was already stealing, lightened up with a grateful smile as she bent over it. She was entirely fearless on her own account; she forgot herself in her solicitude for others. We rejoice that she has escaped an attack of disease—that she has arrived in this city in good health.

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HON. C. H. WILLIAMS.

BY W. C. LODGE.

We copy with pleasure the following from the Savannah Journal of the 27th August:

We are glad to learn from a source that we can implicitly rely on, that the course of Messrs. Gentry and Williams has at length come to a point at which it may be defined with some degree of satisfaction both to their friends and opponents.

We understand that Mr. Williams passed through our town last week, on his way to Baker's Springs, and that during his stay—on a night—he conversed freely and fully upon the subject of the election; and gave his friends to understand unmistakably that he is yet as good a Whig as ever, and as warmly devoted to the great principles of the Whig party. He said that he could not himself support Gen. Scott after what had transpired, but that it might be distinctly understood by all, that he should not vote for Gen. Pierce, nor would he do anything to embarrass his friends in voting for Gen. Scott.

Mr. Williams believes that Gen. Scott will be elected, but, as he supposes, from his present feelings, he shall not be a candidate for re-election from his district, he has no more interest in the result of the Presidential election, than the humblest voter in it. He therefore shall not persuade any one to occupy his position of inactivity, but upon other hands, urges the importance of diligence upon the part of the Whigs, to go into the election with their usual fervor and devotion to the cause, and thinks if they shall do so, they will succeed in electing their candidate—and, of course, along with him the policy for which they have been contending under the guidance of their late lamented Clay, of Kentucky.

Mr. Williams alluded with marked displeasure to the false statement that has been made in relation to a conversation that it was said he had had on his return home on the cars near Nashville, in which allusion had been made to the dying declaration of the lamented Clay. He remarked that it was very ungenerous, that the ashes of one for whose loss the nation was in mourning should be disturbed by unallotted hands, and logged into the party questions of the day.

Mr. Williams is further represented as saying, "It was most cruel to lacerate the feelings of the family of the illustrious statesman, by imposing upon them the unpleasant duty of vindicating the privacy of his death chamber, and his fame from the heartless aspersions of political malignants." There was no truth in any of the base insinuations that had been made either as respects the prospects of Gen. Scott's election, or as to the course which Mr. Williams had prescribed to himself in the canvass.

Gen. Scott.—We have seldom read a more eloquent and noble tribute to General Scott than is contained in a communication, which appears in the New York Courier and Enquirer of a late date. The writer, after enumerating the priceless public services of Gen. Scott, proceeds as follows:

"It is true that Winfield Scott is a military hero. But is he nothing more? Is he not thorough in his nature? Is he not a man of all-round mind? Who more in public council? Who more patient of toil? Who more ready to defend and protect on the battle field? Who more careful of the soldier's blood? Who more forgetful of injuries? Who more magnanimous to personal enemies? Who more generous to public ones? Who more constant and confiding in private friendship? What man can say he has maliciously wronged him? What woman that an impure look or word from him has offended her modesty, or that he has laid an unchaste hand upon her? No altar, religious or social, has Winfield Scott ever profaned! With the Prophet Ruler and Patriot of old he can fearlessly challenge his people to say what man has suffered wrong or violence at his hands."

But some man will point you to what he calls the follies of Winfield Scott. If he has follies, who has not? What is the identity of each man but his follies? Take these away and you leave not a being, but an abstraction of virtues and vices. In a long life of public duty, longer consecrated than any man now living, discharging trust after trust of the most varied and often of the most complicated and delicate character, in what ONE HAS HE FAILED?

Not one. Success, uninterrupted success, has attended every affair of the people which he has had to manage. How his own interests have sped he has little recked so that his country's were secured. Who shall gainsay the truth of this? The writer of this repeats, call Winfield Scott to the bar of public scrutiny, and let impartial justice decide. No man has laid more laurels thus far for Americans to regret. There is no doubt but that what SOMER REFLECTION will show them they have deep cause for gratitude to the Great Dispenser of events. Nought but to lead them to pray that they may ever have a Winfield Scott in their hour of need."

Randolph and Clay.—At one time, Mr. Randolph, in a strain of most scorching irony, had indulged in some personal taunts toward Mr. Clay, commiserating his ignorance and limited education, to whom Mr. Clay thus replied:

"Sir, the gentleman from Virginia was pleased to say, that in one point at least he conceded with me—in a humble estimation of my philosophical acquirements. Sir, I know my deficiencies. I was born to no proud patrimonial estate from my father. I inherited only infancy, ignorance and indigence. I feel my defects; but, so far as my situation in early life is concerned, I may without presumption say, they are more my misfortune than my fault. But, however I may deplore my inability to furnish to the gentleman before me a specimen of powers of verbal criticism, I will venture to say my regret is no greater than the disappointment of this committee, as to the strength of his argument."

Let the South Remember That Gen. Pierce, while in Congress voted to deny to a slaveholder the privilege of removing certain slaves into the District of Columbia, which he had owned as a citizen of the neighboring State of Virginia. In the month of June, 1834, a bill came up in the House of Representatives to authorize one Edmund Brooke, to bring from his former residence in Virginia, two negro slaves, John Alfred, into the District of Columbia, to be held by him as property. A motion was made to lay the bill on the table—which failed.—Franklin Pierce voted in the affirmative. The bill was then passed by a vote of yeas 106, nays 47.—Franklin Pierce voted in the negative.—Pad-Jour.

Self-Education.—We all of us have too educational, one of which we receive from others; another, and the most valuable, which we give ourselves. It is the last which fixes grade in society and eventually our actual value in this life, and perhaps the color of our fate hereafter. All the professors and teachers in the world would not make you a wise and good man without your own co-operation; and if such you are determined to be, the want of them will not prevent it.—Randolph to his nephew.